

Henderson, Tennessee 38340

PERSPECTIVE

Literary Club Publication of May 3, 1977 BELL TOWER

# The Presence of God

Freed-Hardeman College

by Gwen Rogers

I stood near a towering tree
And saw before me
A green carpet of earth
Interrupted by the flow
Of a rippling brook.
In it reflected the
Spacious sky.
And I felt the presence of God.

I saw a small child
Toddle from the guiding arms
Of his father into
The opened arms
Of a loving mother.
He giggled at his
Accomplishment.
And I felt the presence of God.

I walked by a city park
And saw the tired
Feeble body of a
Gray-headed man
Sitting on a nearby bench.
Though ragged and poor,
He cast a smile my way
And I felt the presence of God.

I sat in worship
Listening to words of Truth
And watched the glowing
Faces around me as we
Opened our months in song.
I bowed my head
To the words of prayer
And I felt the presence of God

# Rogers named Poet of Year

Two poems, "I Felt the Presence of God" and "Light a Candle", gave Miss Gwen Rogers first place in this year's poetry contest.

Gwen is a sophomore from Germantown, Tennessee. She is an art major and plans to transfer to Harding College this fall.

In addition to her activities with the poetry group (last year, she was first runner-up in the contest), Gwen is president of the Art Guild and vice president of the Civinettes. She is also involved in several theatre activities.

#### Light a Candle

by Gwen Rogers

He is a candle
Whose wick is cool,
Standing tall and proud
But useless
Because he spreads no
Warmth to his house.

He is in the window
To be seen by
Passing souls
Who complimented his
Beauty, yet he gives
Nothing in return.

Across the room
Lies a match
That if sparked
And given to the candle
Could ignite a flame that would
Spread warmth and comfort.

But to lead him
To his source
He needs but one thing
To light the core
Of his very being:
A willing hand.

## Yesterday's Memories

by John Staten

Yesterday. A child raced a purple tricycle Two steps before golden curls. He built mansions From Texas to Wyoming With only a hoe handle And a gentle friend. Often, he cried when fantasy Failed to materialize. In heart, he never left Charleston; He never matured Beyond those soft golden curls That gently swayed his mind Into a childlike haven Where only he and his purple friend Could survive in such a cold, cruel world.



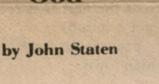
Beatrice Angelo names Gwen Rogers the Poet of the Year.

Poetry is a means of expression which encompasses the universe in the fewest words possible. Often one thought can echo many hours of concentration. Poetry, though often not appreciated, is one of our finest contributions to mankind.

These poets whose labors are displayed in these few pages reveal their inner-most thought to you, the reader. We of the Literary club hope you are enriched by their

Beatrice Angelo-Sponsor John Staten, Editor

The Poet's God





JOHN STATEN

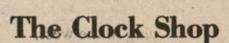
People say you have a heart of golden stakes, Yet I see a face of eternal joy. Like the stars that shine so far away Most see only your glimmer. Not the part that can melt A rose petal with a tear. Nor echo the sweetest chime. Often, you have led me astray Trying to sway me into A meter, or a couplet That was fashionable In Keats. Shelly, and Byron's day. Yet, you are the poet's god; The judge casting the sheep from the goats. Although I try to please them, I must confess conformity Never won me a prize. So, if I can be one of the least And march to a different drummer-Pass me with Frost and others, And the rest that received their reward. Do not wish me harm By blunt honesty and my tactless charm-For I know the poet's god. If I pass into that promised land Still walking a step behind the rest I will sing of angel's tunes and Join the poet's band. Today, do not judge my faith By my mere past works alone; I can redeem myself; I can scream with emotion. I can echo images that will match Even Homer's eyes. Believe me, my god; Do not pass me by-I am not ripe today. But tomorrow, I will outshine Even the pagan's eyes.

#### Freedom's Plains

by Richard Roland

You're proud of your liberty
To think as you like.
But you think not to fight
To keep your self free,
and those who come after.

Why?
Why do you deny
The duty you have
To fight, if needs be, die,
For this country,
your country,
To which you owe so much?
Your Roots, your Freedom
Are planted in her plans,
Made fertile with heroes' blood.



by Randal Matheny

The morning air is crisp and cold; It chills a passerby Who early in the daylight stirs, The sun not risen high.

The morning is fresh, the air is sweet With the smell of baker's bread; Preparing his goods before the town Arises from its bed.

The clockmaker across the narrow street (Where feet make not a sound)
Rises early again to prepare for work
In the antique German town.

He winds the keys and pulls the chains To his clocks large and small; His bent form stretches to reach the highest Hanging from the top of the wall.

Then to the works which need attention He gives them all his care; Swiftly, deftly diagnosing, He makes a sure repair.

As the streets begin to bustle with life, As he has a thousand times, He opens the door as his fathers before --The shop cuckoos and chimes.



RANDAL MATHENY



RICHARD ROLAND

#### **Fallout**

by Richard Roland

Silence, like smog, Pervades the streets, Cut only by the howls Of Toms in the alleys, Blest with ignorance.

The creatures with hands,
Cursed with awareness,
Languish behind drawn blinds.
They know, as the summer snow,
Sandy, heavy,
Sprinkles the rooftops,
Slow, sick Death shines down.

They cry for the children;
They cry for the country
Their children will never know.
And in their minds
They strangle the madmen
Who made the summer snow.

#### Twilight at the River

by Randal Matheny

The sun dims gently in my face: Its orange tongue, lapping at the trees, Exposes skeletal frames, Command my attention.

Lower not it sits, cradled in the trees With soft pastels plaiting the heavens. Rapidly sinking from my view It smoothly slips away, Leaving soft hues behind.

Layers of clouds billow above me Patiently waiting in silence For someone to reach up and touch them.

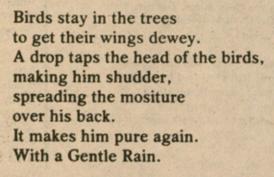
The wind nudges a few scattered leaves
Fallen early in autumn.
They frolick and play leap frog with one
another-But not so -- these dry little puppets
Are but animated by the strings of the wind.

The waters of the wide Mississippi Tremor with the shake of the wind, Gliding silently oceanward, Shimmering in the fading light, Unaware of me.

#### A Gentle Rain

by June Woodbridge

Wet drops come down
upon the grass and the fields
for the plants to grow,
to cool off the earth.
They wash the leaves,
and freshen them.
Leaving a sweet smell
in the air.
A Gentle Rain.



After the peaceful shower,
A dove passes overhead
to tell the world that there's no longer
A Gentle Rain.



JUNE WOODBRIDGE

#### The Woods

by June Woodbridge

While walking along a path,
I see branches bent and broken,
Observe puddles here and there,
and view the clustered trees all about,
with bridges to pass over the water,
and wooden stumps to cross over.
The trees are tall and green
and the sun glows out from their leaves.
Overhead drift billowy white clouds
that enhance the blue sky.
It gives a sense of serenity,
a sense of peace;
the peace of a dove.

# Old Comrade



KELLI ACRE

#### Reflection

by Kelli Acres

As I see the day dying in the west,
Sunlight lingering in my mind,
Lying, thinking before my long night's rest,
Is there anyone to whom I have been kind?
Do I deserve, by my deeds, another night?
Are my actions all that they could have been
Now over, as upon my bed I lie?
Today, have people seen only my sin?

Have I made anyone angry or mad, Making them look upon me with reproach? These thoughts make me grieve and a little sad As I see morning now softly approach.

By God's grace I have been richly blessed With another day of life now borrowed, From God my Father to do my very best In this world of much joy and sorrow.

by Kelli Acres

Old silver maple, my dearest, best friend.
You comforted me when I was bereaved.
I used to sit up so high while the wind
Blew so mildly and sweetly through your leaves.

You were such a great hiding place for me, And a secret place to think of the world, When there was no one I wanted to see. You were nature to me, the great herald.

Now we both grow too old for one another. Your limbs are so weak, and they are withering. I am maturing to be a mother, But I shall ne'er forget your silver shimmering.

With all the memories of my life and each passing hour,

I have but one wish for you and this my prayer,
Someday my child may climb your great old
limbs

And hear, as I did, your sweet songs and hymns.

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#### **Rumble Grab**

by Robin Kirkley

Rumble Grab, Rumble Grab
Sitting on your wall on a Sunday afternoon,
Watching all the people just
Passing by in their cars.

Rumble Grab, Rumble Grab
What are they thinking about, my friend?
You should know because you have
Been there every Sunday afternoon.

Rumble Grab, my old friend, It's been such a long, long time, Where's your guitar, my friend? You just don't look right without it.

It sure is nice to see the same old smile
For the same old simple guy.
I'm sorry I haven't been to check you out,
But I've been trying to make my living.

How are your friends the little blue birds,
That used to come by and listen to your songs?
And how's the big old tree on the gold course,
That you used to share your stories with?

# Good-Bye From a Dying Man

by Keith Kenney

Early in the evening, you may find the lights of heaven at your feet, you pick one up and smile, and see, the things you love to hold, and hold to keep.

And yesterday, when I was young, the fun of living life, the things of love I sung.

I hold you close to me, and then I cry. The thought of losing you, I tried to hide.

I walked that night and thought of you, and looked to God for comfort, and then I knew, that life had no beginning, it has no end, so when I go I'll say, till then.

So when I die, please bear my son and teach him love that we have won, Show him a future and what it brings. Oh, my love, the pain, oh how it stings. Good-bye my love, my time is near. Please, please don't cry and never fear. God bless you all and please take care; Honey; Good-bye.

# Brighter Side of Darkness

by Keith Kenney

I was born in a place not far from here The sounds of a train as it passes near Those many dreams seem always to last Those many memories of my past,

There were thirteen of us in our Family But all of them died, now, there's just me. I was the youngest of my Family group They called me, little Johnnie Roosty Poop.

I didn't care if I was so small
Lord, its been so long since I've seen them all
But we had our love and much happiness
On the brighter side of our darkness.

When I think of the time when pappa was dying I thought the whole valley would never stop crying.

But he passed away and that was that,

But he passed away and that was that, Some people say he had more lives than a cat.

Times were rough and the war was on And six of my brothers were already gone. But we kept our heads and kept going strong As I grew up the whole world seemed wrong.

I'd sit alone, even cry sometimes and tinkle with my mothers Christmas chimes She said these words as I sank my chest, son, there's a brighter side of our darkness

Well I'm fifty years old now and have thirteen of my own
I hope to God you'll never be alone
I've spoiled you rotten and thats how it should be
Cause God gave you little buzzards to me.

Do what right in life and you won't go wrong
And stay with the Lord, you'll aways grow
strong

You'll always be poor and think you'll have less But there's always a brighter side of our darkness

### Beautiful

People

Who

Are

Lonely

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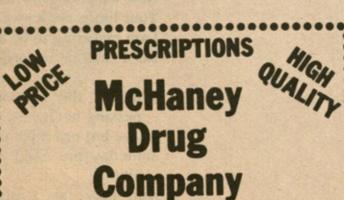
by Robin Kirkley

Walk right past,
don't smile,
he won't know its you.
He's the old man on the step,
playing his violin;
but you didn't really
notice him,
as you hurried past his hat.
He's always somewhere
behind you,
hungry and alone.
You really don't care.

There's a lady on the pavement shivering in the night.

She's calling for a cat that has no home.

She needs the silent love, from her scavenging friend; and there's a happiness inside of her, that you would know about. She's just taking a rest from her loneliness, with a friend.





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